

# Turn Up The Bottle

Whitey Morgan and the 78's

Well tonight, this old barroom is such a lonely place to be  
It's just some old Jones on the jukebox, the bartender, and me  
And that old dirty hardwood dancefloor, that's where she stole  
and broke my heart  
If I'm gonna drown in my misery, Lord I got a good place to sta  
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So turn up the bottle, bartender, and turn up the Jones  
I got a memory that's killin' me, I can't take it no more  
The good times are over, I've been left here all alone  
So turn up the bottle, bartender, and turn up the Jones

Well I can't believe she done me like she did  
Yeah she took my Cadillac car and my old guitar, then split tow  
n with the kids  
But tonight me and George gonna sit right here, Lord knows that  
the race is on  
And if this drinkin' don't kill me, I guess I'll just go on hom  
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So turn up the bottle, bartender, turn up the Jones  
I got a memory that's killin' me, I can't take it no more  
The good times are over, I've been left here all alone  
So turn up the bottle, bartender, and turn up the Jones

Turn up the bottle, bartender, and turn up the Jones  
I got a memory that's killin' me, I can't take it no more  
The good times are over and gone, I've been left here all alone  
So turn up the bottle, bartender, and turn up the Jones

Tonight me and George are gon' sit right here, hell, I just mig  
ht take the grand tour  
And if this drinkin' don't kill me, hell, it just might kill he  
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